

DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1884.

NUMBER 14.

DOT CANDIDATE.

Who ish dot dakes me by der hand,
Und speaks so awful nice und bland,
Und urges me to join his band?
Dot candidate.

Who ish dot dreats me very schveed,
Van de corner of der street
We habben just awhile to meet?
Dot candidate.

Who ish dot singin' awful gay,
Just like a lark all of der day,
Mid airy wings would fly away?
Dot candidate.

Who ish dot covers ub his head,
And when he was only dead?
Our oder man had to lay you bed—
Dot candidate.

Norritown Herald.

THE BLUE CHAMBER.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation were strolling after dinner in the spacious grounds of an ancient manor.

The doors of the mansion stood wide open. The evening breeze whispered and rustled through the branches of the huge lindens, the shadows grew longer and longer, ink-black beneath the leafy roof of boughs, lighter on the patches of turf.

It was a mild summer evening, still, yet full of strange, mysterious sounds; the soft breeze floated into the doors, bearing with it the heavy fragrance of the flowers. In the gathering dusk the members of the group could scarcely see each other.

Conversation languished, passing from subject to subject; no one seemed inclined to enter upon a lengthy discussion.

Suddenly one of the party began to relate an anecdote of a ghost he had seen on an evening like this. The plan was successful. Several tales followed; but the young daughter of the house, Anna, continued to ask for more. It was so amusing to hear these marvelous stories, imagine the white and black specters, moving noiselessly in dense shadow or dazzling moonlight, feel a strange horror chill her blood and then leap against her mother, finding safety in her embrace. She could not endure Candidate Holst's way of taking these stories; his scornful comments to ugly rents in the dreamy veil in which she wrapped herself.

He was a medical student and had witnessed many similar things in the hospital. It was owing to sickness acting upon different individuals. Either the patient, when his imagination was excited, mistook a towel, on which the moon was shining, for a phantom, and the shrieking of the wind in old houses for ghostly cries and the clank of chains, or the whole affair was pure hallucination. A person in a healthy, normal condition never saw ghosts.

The whole party opposed his view. There was surely some truth at the bottom of all these tales. There was a thousand things which could not be explained by natural causes.

Anna was warmly seated by Holst's younger brother Hector, who had arrived at the house with him this morning; though he was influenced more by courtesy to the pretty young girl than because he felt any fear of ghosts. He could not bear to have his brother appear to place himself in such contemptuous opposition to a pair of such beautiful bright eyes, so he fought a stout battle against his own convictions.

"The history of such things," said the Candidate, "is contrary to sound sense and reason. They are miserable relics of the darkness of the Middle Ages, which can only check progress. It would be an utterly idiotic proceeding for dead folk to walk abroad and terrify the living. Tradition carries such tales from generation to generation, and if not subjected to severe scientific criticism they retain their vitality and are believed. It is the same kind of superstition as that which makes simple folk afraid to sit thirteen at a table. In nine cases out of ten, nothing happens, and there isn't even one person who thinks of the matter. In the tenth, perhaps, one of the company dies, which is certainly in accordance with the course of nature. Instantly it is said: 'You remember; you remember, we sat thirteen at table that day.' So the superstition abides as nourishment for long time. No, thank God, the fresh breeze of knowledge will sweep away all such things like dank, unwholesome fog."

"Yes, we old people must be pardoned;" the mistress of the house gently interposed; "we don't come so much in contact with the fresh breezes of science as perhaps we ought. We live, they say, wholly in tradition, and this thrives nowhere so well as in an old manor like this. It is very difficult to release ourselves from the ideas in which we were reared, and which our ancestors believed. I am far from what is called superstitious; I have never been in contact with these strange spirits—yet not for all the world would I sleep in the blue chamber."

"The blue chamber!" cried the whole party in tones of astonishment.

"Yes, we have here, as in so many old manor houses, a room that is said to be haunted. Many hundred years ago a man was murdered there, and since then ghosts have taken possession of it. The servants talk of strange sounds and sights; none of them like to pass it after dark."

"I was sitting thinking that I should be delighted to occupy a real haunted chamber," said Holst quietly. "It is a sin to have it remain unused forever. Perhaps I can help dispel this foolish superstition, for I am convinced I shall sleep undisturbed."

"At first the mistress of the house would not listen to such a plan, but when the whole party urged and Anna clasped her arms beseechingly around her neck she at last yielded."

Anna thought the scheme wonders fully interesting.

"It is really terrible that you dare venture. Candidate Holst," she said, "but I hope you will look really frightened when you come to breakfast in the morning."

After supper the whole party went to the "blue chamber," which meantime had been put in order to receive the guest. Every corner was examined with the utmost care.

The atmosphere was somewhat oppressive, though the windows were now open. The room was seldom ventilated, and the half moldy air took the liberty of settling in the furniture and curtains. It had evidently always borne the name of the "blue chamber," although the thick carpet was now faded. The furniture was very scanty, but what articles remained were old-fashioned. While time had transformed everything else in the ancient manor, making the stiff carved chairs give way to comfortable armchairs, and the old chimney pieces to tile stoves, this room seemed to have preserved its former appearance. It was delivered over to the spirits of the past; no one had attempted to drag it into the present. An article that did not contribute least in enabling it to retain its ancient character was the huge, exquisitely carved four-post bedstead, which occupied a large portion of the room. The apartment was the last in one wing of the manor, looking out upon the grove, but so near the ground that a person, by the display of some little agility, might climb up.

"It is not impossible," said Holst, after a thorough examination of the chamber, "that the nocturnal noises mentioned may have been made by vagabonds who settled themselves here for a comfortable night's rest. Victor, do me the favor to get my pistols; they are in my traveling satchel; but don't meddle with the triggers, they are loaded."

Victor went away with a light, and soon after brought the pistols to his brother. The latter primed them freshly, put on new caps and laid them on the tab.

"Now, good night, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all as comfortable a rest as I expect to have myself."

"Good night, wicked Freethinker," said Anna, half admiringly. "I hope you will have different opinions in the morning."

As they went out Victor whispered to Anna: "I'll answer for it if he shall be thoroughly frightened."

The door was locked and Candidate Holst remained alone in the blue chamber. The sound of footsteps and voices died away; he listened at the door but all was still.

Going to the window he stood there a few minutes looking at the grove. The soft night breeze stirred the leaves and branches. Only the nearest trees could be dimly distinguished. Beyond all was dense, impenetrable darkness, for there was neither moon nor stars in the sky.

"It's really very rare to be free from Madam Luna," said he, "she is so fond of intruding and playing the spy on sensible folk, spite of drawn curtains. For the rest, this is an uncommonly comfortable room. Probably not one of the whole party will have so good a bed to lie in as my lucky self."

"So a man was murdered here, and for the sake of this legend the room has now stood empty hundreds of years. If one could see a few blood stains or similar horrors—but there's no trace of anything of the sort. What matchless power superstition has, even in our enlightened days! I shall consider it a good deed to drive it from this comfortable stronghold."

Lighting a cigar, he paced to and fro smoking, then walked around the bed and closed his eyes with a half shudder. "How timidly the young girl, Anna, is pressing her pretty face against the pillow at the thought that any human being dares to sleep in the blue chamber. She won't even venture to put out her night-lamp for fear of seeing the frightful white shape that must speedily come up here and destroy me."

While thus soliloquizing he undressed, opened the canopy bed, and resolvedly extinguished the lamp.

There was no sound in the room; only it seemed as though he could hear a rustling noise like crickets and a mysterious ticking, as though the famous deathwatch was under the carpet. He lay listening a moment, heard the night wind sigh through the trees and the great clock of the manor strike eleven, then he fell asleep.

At the end of an hour he suddenly started up in bed, having heard a sound like the opening of a door. A strange, shuddering sensation ran through his limbs as he stared fixedly into the room and beheld a white form moving slowly towards the bed.

Terror overpowered him, but the next instant he regained his coolness, and shouted in a firm voice, "Who's there?"

No answer, but the shape remained standing in the middle of the floor.

"Who's tere?" Answer, or as sure as I live I'll fire," he called again, cocking his pistol.

He was once more the quiet, cold-blooded physician; he had surely heard the creaking of a door; it must be a man, a rascal, a murderer perhaps, but no spectre.

Yet, spite of the pistol's warning snap, the figure did not move.

"Who goes there?" he called again. Still no sound disturbed the silence of the room.

The physician stretched out his arm and fired.

A flash of light illuminated the dusky chamber and the porti shook the old tapestry. Scarcely had the sound died

away when a burst of discordant, jeering, fiendish laughter greeted him, and something hard struck his forehead. It was the bullet.

Seized with terrible dread, he fired the other pistol at the motionless white form—again the frightful laughter echoed through the room and the bullet fell heavily back on his own breast.

With a loud shriek he sank down on the bed.

The form glided noiselessly out of the door.

The next morning, while Anna was watering her flowers, Victor came up to her.

"Where is your brother?" she asked. "He isn't up yet, poor fellow. He has had a terrible fright."

"What was it?"

"If you'll promise to keep silence I'll tell the whole story. To revenge myself on him I played ghost, first taking care to draw the bullets from his pistols that he might not use the weapons recklessly. Wrapped in sheets I visited him and threw the balls back at his head when he fired."

"Nothing could be better!" exclaimed Anna. "But promise me not to speak of it. Your mother might be vexed and he himself must not be deceived."

"Trust me; I'll be as mute as the grave."

The physician did not come; breakfast waited in vain. At last some of the gentlemen went to wake him. He lay with his head stretched over the edge of the bed; his mouth was wide open, his eyes were starting from their sockets and his hair was as white as chalk. Life had vanished.

His discharged pistols were found by his side. One week after Victor was taken to the insane asylum.—N. Y. Graphic.

Owls.

Owls were never an epicurean feast, but Southeby once had an owl roasted for dinner, for himself and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth; I give the sequel in his own words:

"We agreed there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies; but if ever you eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce."

An omelet made of owl's eggs is said to be a cure for drunkenness.

At one time the workmen on the Washington Monument were a good deal annoyed to find that a plumb line that reached from the top to the bottom of the shaft was frequently meddled with. At last it was found that an owl had taken up its abode in a part of the shaft that afforded a shelter, and in passing in and out it had disturbed the line.

An owl was once beguiled into a Georgia conference meeting, intent on securing a rat that had run into the room to escape from so persistent an enemy. Led by the light he sailed around a few times and alighted upon the bald head of an old man directly in front of the speaker. It is hardly necessary to say what was the next move, but the presence of the owl may have called to the preacher's mind the presence of Isaiah, who, when he foretold the desolation of Babylon, declared that the house should be full of devon creatures, and that owls should dwell there.

An owl once seriously disturbed the mourners at a funeral at Beechwood, Ontario. With tender care they had placed the remains in a tomb, and were turning away sorrowing, when they heard a moan that seemed to come from the coffin. Hurriedly they broke the casket open, only to find all quiet within, and then it was discovered that the noise they had heard came from owls at the far end of the vault.

They made their way to a corner of his office, and there and then the twain were made one. Wah Lee is a tall, middle-aged Celestial with an intelligent look, superior to most of his brethren. He had apparently not expected the array of lookers-on that crowded about him, and while at a casual glance he appeared cool and collected he was greatly excited.

Nothing in the room escaped the glance of his small, sparkling eyes. Half a dozen Mongolians were interspersed among the audience, and one of them was, to all appearance, a Chinese priest. He wore a long black robe, a white cravat, and a clerical look upon his face. It was said the marriage ceremony was also performed by him in their native fashion. The bride was attended by another young woman. Mary Shafer was a young German woman, apparently about twenty years of age. She had pleasing, but by no means handsome features, and was dressed in white. A wreath of orange blossoms crowned her head and her feet were incased in a pair of light-colored satin Chinese slippers. She blushed prettily as she promised to be Lee Yow's true and faithful wife, and the bridegroom uttered his promises in plainly English. Peter Zucker acted as best man, and he and Colonel A. T. Brinsmade signed the marriage certificate as witnesses. As he finished the nuptial knot the Justice announced that they were now ready for congratulations. The bride took this opportunity to greet her future lord with a kiss behind her fan, and Hon. John P. Green crowded to the front and welcomed the Celestial in behalf of the American people. Other hearty congratulations followed, and as Mr. and Mrs. Wah Lee left the room three cheers were proposed and given for them with a tiger. The Chinaman kinked his arm in the most acceptable fashion, and with the bride leaning lightly upon it they descended the stairs and passed over to the Chinaman's laundry under the Sloss block. A little later they emerged and proceeded to do the town afloat. When last seen they were meandering up Ontario streetcar in arm. In their wake were twenty-five or thirty boys yelling "rats."

Cleveland Leader.

Wealth of the Ocean.

Sailing in the John Williams north-east of Lord Howe's Island, at dawn of December 19th ult., the ocean swarmed with small fish resembling sprats. Sea birds hovered above, gorging to their hearts' content, shortly afterward shoals of bonito (*Thynnus pelamys*) came along in hot pursuit. With half a dozen pearl oyster-hoops, and no boat whatever in less than an hour we caught one hundred and sixteen bonito, the greater part of which was salted down. Throughout the day we were slowly sailing through a countless multitude of bonito. After Captain Turpie had desired the fishers to cease their occupation (as our salt was done), one or two turbulently and cruelly amused themselves by catching these fine fish and throwing them back alive into the ocean. We might easily have caught a couple of thousand before sunset. Throughout the following night the sea was illuminated; for as the bonito rushed through the water near the surface they became phosphorescent—a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Toward daybreak, however, a strong breeze sprang up, and we saw no more of those moving masses of fire. The bonito belongs to the mackerel family. It is usually thirty inches in length and twenty inches round, and of a steel-blue color, with four stripes along each side. The flesh is of a dark color, and proved an acceptable change of diet to all on board.—W. W. G. G.



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SIGN—"BIG TOWN CLOCK,"

Main Street, Opp. Court House, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Wah Lee Yow's Bride.

A bustling, surging crowd of several hundred men, composed of lawyers, merchants, and even ministers, crowded into Justice Gleeson's court to witness the solemn marriage rites of Wah Lee Yow and Miss Mary Shafer. The Chinaman had procured a license August 20, but stopped at that stage of his matrimonial venture before taking the final plunge. He had consulted his attorney, Peter Zucker, of the Board of Education, and the marital candidate left the attorney's office under his escort and wended their way up Superior street to Squire Gleeson's office. Echo Heisley, the alleged war eagle, Charles Seiler and several others, saw the wedding party's departure, and, noiselessly, the non-conductor which prevents an interchange of temperature between the ice within the wall and the hot air without, while, reversing the order, the layer of fat under the hide of the animal prevents the transfer of cold to the inner tissues, being a non-conductor, equally efficient with the wall of sawdust in the other case. The wall of fat once placed beneath the hide is, if fair protection be given, somewhat easily held there; while it is hardly possible to put on this layer during winter's cold without extra protection from the low temperature.

Hence the wisdom of seeing to it early in the season, while flesh is easily acquired, that the grain is put on which is sure to be required when the mercury falls low down in the tube. Roughing it is nothing else than instituting a warfare between the tissues of which the animal is made up and the elements without. A monotonous diet will convince any one of the utter wastefulness of dealing out food three times a day in such free quantities as are required if feed is depended on to keep up the animal warmth, reasonably comfortable shelter being denied when the weather is decidedly cold. Dr. Playfair likened the body of a beast to a furnace in which fuel is consumed to produce heat, as the principle is quite like the feeding of farm animals, in so far as the food is given to maintain the animal heat. The continued tendency towards equalization in temperature of bodies and substances in contact, acts upon live animals exposed to contact with the outer air, and hence, when the temperature goes down there is a struggle within the body in its effort to preserve its normal temperature. This effort may be aptly likened to that made by a person to keep warm in a room with the outside temperature is well up, for the normal temperature or the animal body is easily maintained under like circumstances without special provision of food for this purpose.

Fitting stock for roughing it is very unprofitable as a preliminary process, because the term implies exercise. Without the out-door exercise in inclement as well as in all other kinds of weather, the term roughing it would hardly apply. Exercise, in proportion to its extent, calls for increased action of the lungs and heart, and this lung action wastes the living tissues rapidly. It follows that quietness and seclusion are the means to be used for saving the tissues. Therefore to feed up for exposure during winter involves a great waste during the preliminary as it does during the final experiences. But in this day we hope no one will persist in the heterodox notion that it is, in any sense, wise to build up during summer valuable material that is to be ruthlessly squandered during the cold months. With flesh producers, the making of edible flesh is a slow and expensive process, and flesh once put on should in no case be parted with. If domestic animals could be fattened as rapidly as the carnivores are when they are full fed then the task would indeed be easy. But the carnivore eats flesh and tissue having the constituents of their own bodies ready prepared, while domestic animals are built up by a slow process from materials which, while made up of constituents measurably like the body, are still, in the main, quite unlike it. But it is doubtless a wise provision that the flesh counted good for use as human food is put on by a slow process, otherwise it would be flabby and oily; would shrink in the pot and vanish before a cold blast.—National Live Stock Journal.

Animals are not allowed in sleeping cars; but why do the companies draw the line at this point? If they included insects, it would please patrons better.—Boston Courier.

Fitting Stock for Winter.

When stock has been fitted for roughing it, which, of course, means feeding up to meet cold weather, the owner is in

The Daily South Kentuckian.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, EDITOR.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1884.

In Webster county it has been agreed to let the former primary election stand, and not hold another on Oct. 13. Mr. Laffoon's majority in the county was 287.

The Enquirer is no longer a "half and half" but is putting in hard licks for Cleveland, Hendricks and Reform. The Ohio election comes off Tuesday week and if the State goes Republican by 1000 majority the followers of Blaine will have cause to congratulate themselves.

Esq. B. E. Randolph, of this city, has consented to allow use of his name as a candidate for Equalizer of Taxes. A nomination will be made by the primary Oct. 13. Esq. Randolph has had large experience in that line of business and has an extensive acquaintance with the whole district and no better man could be chosen.

Owensboro Messenger, The New York World of Saturday prints the following interesting betting statistics on the Presidential election. They are great big back-logs which show which way the cyclone is moving:

One thousand dollars even Cleveland carries New York by fifty thousand majority.

One thousand to five hundred that he carries New York by ten thousand majority.

One thousand even carries Ohio.

Twenty-five hundred to seven thousand five hundred he carries Iowa,

One thousand to four hundred that he carries New Jersey.

Five thousand to three thousand five hundred he will be elected.

This money, \$11,500 in all, is now on deposit with George Buckner, No. 65 Bowery.

Very respectfully, HENRY ORRING, AUGUSTINE ROBBINS, LOSS CURTIS.

P.S.—Bets will be arranged by Mr. George Buckner in small amounts and deposited with any responsible party or institution named by betters.

The Owensboro Messenger has these kind words for Mr. Laffoon:

Comparatively unknown in this end of the district, though the acknowledged leader of the bar in Hopkins and Webster counties and for many years considered a power in politics and the law in his immediate section, he came to Daviess county last week, but by an energetic and rapid canvass he has made the acquaintance of hundreds of our citizens, and among them he now has many staunch and enthusiastic supporters. His race in the counties he has canvassed, which caused the tie in the Sebree convention, won for him the respect of the people before they saw him, and, after personal acquaintance with him, the impression that he is a gentleman of ability and character ripens into conviction. If elected to represent this district in Congress Mr. Laffoon would no doubt fill the office with great credit to himself and his constituents.

The county ought to give Clay at the very least 2,500 majority. We make that estimate upon a basis of 3,000 Democrat votes to be polled in this county at the primary election. Giving to Laffoon 250, which we think is quite as many as he will receive, will give to Clay a majority of 2,500. This county ought to poll more than 3,000 Democratic votes. It could poll from 3,50 to 4,000; but there being no contest in this country in this race, it would be difficult of course to poll a full Democratic vote.—Henderson Journal.

We believe Mr. Clay should not be returned to Congress. The Second Congressional district cannot afford to have as their Representative any one who declares that he will continue his effort to repeal the Civil Service reform bill, the only law now existing that prevents the Republican party from forcing every employer under the Government to pay a certain cent, of their salary received from the government into the corruption fund to buy votes and keep the party in power. Mr. Laffoon says the law, in the main, is a good one, and while it may not be perfect in all respects its defects should be cured by amendment and not by repealing the whole law and open the avenue for such corruption as was practiced in 1880, when Indiana was flooded with money.—Madisonville Gleaner.

A Newport belle wears fifty-two bangles on one of her bracelets. They are made of gold coin, and are worth \$1 to \$20 each.

Many beautiful and hitherto unknown colors have been obtained by the chemical treatment of coal tar.

Mr. McKee Rankin has adopted the English fashion of employing young-lady ushers in his Third Avenue theater, New York.

One Thing That He Lacketh.

[From Speech of Gov. Waller, of Connecticut.] "Gov. Cleveland's great competitor may be as eloquent as Robert Ingersoll, who dubbed him a knight, and as brilliant a historian as Macaulay, to whom Gen. Hawley takes pleasure in comparing him. But there is one thing he lacketh, without which he cannot have the respect of the people of America. Proof of this weakness does not depend upon others. He has within a week confessed it himself. In the late election in the State of Maine the prohibitory amendment was submitted to the vote of the people. The country was watchful of the action of Citizen Blaine on the question. He was at the polls with a 'yes' and a 'no' ballot in his right and left hand. In pity behold him as he stands confronting that dilemma. [Laughter.] If he votes 'no' he will lose, he thinks, the support of political saints. If he votes 'yes,' the support of political sinners. [Laughter.] He hesitates and he is lost. [Applause.] He looks on one side and then on the other, and he votes upon neither. [Laughter.] The orator, the statesman and historian has ignominiously dodged. [Applause.] He tried to sail between Scylla and Charybdis and touch neither rock, but he struck upon both. The image that some Republicans have worshipped is broken—Mr. Blaine, the Plumed Knight of Maine, has shown the white feather. The act of weakness in the presence of the nation shows the character of the man, and it will, in my judgment, do him more harm than the ballot-box in November than could the Mulligan letters, if there were a dose of them every day in the week." [Laughter.]

A Sound Precedent.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A Connecticut Judge did a thing recently that might be imitated with advantage by courts in general. In a suit for divorce on the ground of adultery the facts were clearly proven; whereupon the Judge, instead of granting the divorce, directed the Prosecuting Attorney to bring action for the crime thus disclosed—and the result was that the guilty parties were convicted and duly sentenced. The divorce business would be materially lessened if a policy of this practical and wholesome kind could be inaugurated throughout the country.

The wealthiest man in Oregon is living this summer for fun in the log cabin which he used to inhabit from necessity.

A DEAD HORSE.

In France, when a horse has reached the age of 20 or 30, it is designed for a chemical factory; it is first relieved of its hair, which serves to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is skinned; the hoofs serve to make combs. Next the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam, at a pressure of three atmospheres; a cock is opened, which allows the grease to run off; then the remains are cut up, the leg bones are sold to make knife handles, etc., and the coarser of the ribs, the head, etc., are converted into animal black and glue. The first are calcined in cylinders, and the vapors when condensed form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all ammonical salts. There is an animal oil yielded which makes a capital insecticide and a vermifuge. To make glue, the bones are dissolved in muriatic acid, which takes away the phosphate of lime, the soft residue, retaining the shape of the bone, dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares and dried on nets. The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for lucifer matches.

The flesh is distilled to obtain the carbonate of ammonia; the resulting mass is pounded up with potash, then mixed with old nails and old iron of every description; the whole is calcined and yields magnificent yellow crystals, prusiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed a Prussian blue, and iron transferred into steel; it also forms the basis of cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most terrific poisons known in chemistry.

Three-quarters of all the Sewing Machines Sold Throughout the World Last Year Were "SINGERS."

The new "Improved Family" Machine with Oscillating Shuttle is the latest production, and is specially adapted to all kinds of family sewing. It is almost noiseless and runs so lightly that a child could operate it for hours without fatigue, has a high arm with abundance of room; is self-threading; has a self-setting needle and a shuttle that can be threaded without removing it from the machine. W. C. STOCKTON, Agent.

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THIRD DAY.

SADDLE STOCK.

Best Stallion, four years old and over	\$20.00
" " 3 years old and under 4	10.00
" " 2 years old and under 3	10.00
" " 1 year old under 2	5.00
" Mare, 4 years old and over	20.00
" " 3 years old and under 4	10.00
" " 2 years old and under 3	10.00
" " 1 year old and under 2	5.00
" Saddle Gelding, aged	20.00
" " 3 years old and under 4	10.00
" " 2 years old and under 4	10.00

SWEEPSTAKES.

Best Sadie Animal, any age or sex	\$20.00
Director in charge, Sam G. Buckner.	
Judges—Dr. L. B. Hickman, Dr. Flem Clardy, Dr. Anderson, Joe Weil, of Christian county. Dr. Dickinson, Todd county.	
Judges to be selected for Sweepstakes.	

TROTTING RING.

Fastest Trotter in Harness, for horses that have never made it in less than 3.00 mile heats, best 2 in 3, 5 or more to enter and 3 to go.	
First Premium	\$100.00
Second Premium	75.00
Third Premium	50.00

WINNER to show three minutes.

GENT'S RIDING RING.

Best Gentleman Rider	Silver Goblet \$10.00
Director in charge, Ed. Walker.	

PACING RACE.

Free for all. Best 2 in 3. Fastest Pacer in harness. 5 to enter and 3 to go.	
First Premium	\$150.00
Second Premium	100.00
Third Premium	50.00

DRAFT HORSES.

Best Pair Draft Geldings, or Mares, owned by same party prior to October 1st, to weigh not less than 2,000.	Silver Goblet \$10.00
Judges—J. R. Caudle, W. F. Buckner, Phil Pendleton, Jno. Gregory, Jas. E. Croft, Christian county.	

RUNNING RACE—FREE FOR ALL.

Single dash of a mile, catch weights, three or more to enter and two to start.	
First Premium	\$100.00
Second Premium	75.00
Third Premium	50.00

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THE GERMAN, of New York.

THE NIAGARA, of New York.

THE NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS AGENCY.

THE CONNECTICUT, of Hartford.

OVER \$60,000 FIRE ASSETS.

INSURE

All classes of Property Against Fire, Lightning and Wind, or Tornadoes, and solicit the business of Christian County Farmers and Business men.

OFFICE Over Bank of Hopkinsville.

Young & Caldwell.

Tin, Sheet-Iron

—AND—

Copper Works.

Plain and Ornamental
Slate Roofing.

TIN ROOFING & GUTTERING
DONE ON SHORT NOTICE,
AND AT

The Daily South Kentuckian.

OFFICE—NASHVILLE ST., BET. MAIN AND VA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1884.

VISITORS IN THE CITY.

Miss Nora Garth, Trenton.

" Annie Dickinson, Trenton.

" Ella Garth,

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Y. Cabaniss, Trenton.

Mrs. M. A. Mason, Beverly.

Miss Mamie Campbell, Clarksville.

Mrs. L. H. Stine at Dr. Gish's.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Roach, Clarksville.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowling, Clarksville.

Miss Annie Johnston, Peacher's Mill, Tenn.

Misses Mollie and Maggie Layne, of Todd county, and Miss Frank Layne, of Missouri, are spending Fair week with Mrs. Polk Cansler.

The Louisville Division.

Below we give the names of the victors:

Sir Knight Commander, J. W. Recius.

Sir Knight Lieut. Commander, F. O. Moore.

Sir Knight Herald, J. W. Coleman,

" Recorder, J. H. Wilson,

" Treasurer, C. H. Dawers,

" Sentinel, W. H. Nessler,

" Archie Johnson,

" W. H. Lewis,

" J. C. Vanmeter,

" Wm. Gable,

" W. T. Cobb,

" Arthur P. Mills,

" W. H. Risely,

" C. Schweinfurth,

" Jacob Seibert,

" John Keiser,

" C. W. German,

" W. C. Quinby.

Remember our drawing Saturday, don't fail to get a ticket.

Mr. Archie Johnson, who came from Louisville as one of the K. P. Division, was accompanied by Mrs. Etta Bale and Miss M. B. Trent and remained yesterday to attend the Fair. They returned home this morning well pleased with our little city.

We are indebted to the Italian Band of Nashville, Tenn., of which Mr. Charlie Pelletiere is leader, for a most delightful serenade Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The Band consists of five pieces and their music is of very superior order. We were treated to fine selections and each seemed sweeter and better than the preceding one. The Band will play for the Hop to-night.

One of the most attractive articles on exhibition at the Fair is a finely finished Excelsior Wagon. It was made under the direction of Mr. F. M. Whitlow, foreman for Forbes & Bro., the work being done by Mr. S. W. Hadden and the ironing by Ed. Robinson, col. The wagon would win a blue ribbon at almost any Fair. It is probably the finest two horse wagon ever seen in this part of the country, and the makers have done themselves much credit in making it. It is painted and oiled in a most artistic manner and the greatest beauty about it is that it is durable and substantial as it is handsome and attractive to the eye.

CHINESE FILIAL PIETY.

A belief exists among the Chinese that, if a father or mother be seriously ill, the most effective way of curing them is for one of their children to cut a piece of flesh off of his own arm or leg and administer a broth made of the flesh in question to the suffering parent. This is at times done, but with sufficient rarity to insure, as a rule, the matter being reported to the throne for some mark of the Emperor's approval. The Governor of Hunan recently reported a case in which a graduate named Tao was singularly distinguished for filial piety. When very young his mother became seriously ill, and, believing that Heaven could prolong his mother's life by shortening his (quite a Chinese belief), he refused food, and spent a night in supplicating it to that effect. His mother recovered, but, some years later, in 1878, she was attacked with fatal disease, which he tried to counteract by cooking her some broth made out of his own flesh—cut from the muscle of his arm. Unfortunately, not only did the mother die, but the brave son never recovered from his self-inflicted wound, and he died in the following year from its effects. The Emperor decreed him a handsome monument.—*True Blue Bar.*

Two friends from the interior put up at a hotel and were given one room. The man in the next room overheard the following conversation about daybreak next morning: "I say, Bill, are you awake?" "I've been wide awake for the last two hours." "Lend me \$5." "I've dozed off again." "I knew you were lying when you said you were wide awake."

HERE AND THERE.

The decorations still remain.

Could pleasanter weather be desired?

Kelly's big town clock keeps both the standard and sun time.

Our premium organ is on exhibition at McPherson's music store. Call and see it.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Mason returned to their home in Australia, Miss., this morning.

Rev E. W. Bottomley, who was returned to this place by the Methodist Conference, will fill his pulpit Sunday as usual.

Dr. J. B. Jackson, of Crofton, will leave to-day for New York to take a winter course of lectures in Bellevue Hospital.

M. D. Kelly takes the lead in the Jewelry business, you will find more real Mechanical skill displayed in his works than in any similar house in the State.

We learn that Miss Hannah, the daughter of our worthy citizen, Mr. Joseph Fry, became engaged on the 23rd inst., to Mr. David Grimborg, of Roanoke, Va.

The SOUTH KENTUCKIAN drawing will not come off till after dinner Saturday. You can get tickets up to five minutes before the distribution.

Our statement that the music at the K. of P. Ball was made by the Henderson band was a mistake. The Italian Band, of Nashville, played and will also play at the Fair Hop to-night.

When you come to the Fair bring along an extra \$2.00 to subscribe for the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN, which gives you the news twice a week in addition to a ticket in our free distribution of prizes, which takes place Saturday.

Our Clothing cannot be surpassed in style, quality and price.

Everyone should call in to see G. E. Gaither, the druggist, while visiting the Fair, as he has the nicest and most complete drug store in the city, which is supplied with an elegant line of toilet articles, books, etc. He can also furnish you the finest smoking cigar to be found anywhere.

G. E. Gaither, the druggist, whose headquarters are in the Howe building, has the best facilities for filling prescriptions in the city. His drugs are all fresh, and his many years of experience, have made him an expert as a pharmacist. Call and see him.

The Fair Hop to-night cannot fail to be a highly enjoyable affair.

Some of our most popular and energetic young gentlemen are exerting themselves to make it a success, and those who attend may expect to have an exceedingly pleasant time. Many strangers will be present in addition to the young people of the city and county. Gentlemen can procure tickets at Howe's Jewelry Store.

Miss Katie Putnam rendered her specialty—"Lena; the Madcap" last night to a good audience. The little actress fairly captivated everybody. The programs for to-night and tomorrow night are of the more interesting character and as her engagement will end with the week all should avail themselves of these opportunities to see her. Her support is exceptionally good and it can be truly said that there has never been a better theatrical attraction here than this Company during a Fair week. Tickets for sale at Gaither's Drug Store.

The great attraction at the Fair Thursday was the exhibition of Japanese Day Fireworks which took place at 4 o'clock.

It was the grandest display ever seen in this section and was something entirely new. A machine was used which threw projectiles which looked like small tin cans high up into the air, until they were almost lost to sight in some instances.

In falling these cans or cartridges would explode when hundreds of feet from the earth and paper balloons and figures of various shapes would be thrown out unfolded and inflated and would slowly descend to the ground to the wonder and admiration of the crowd. About fifteen of these explosives were sent up, one of which contained a substance that exploded and sent out immense gold and colored rays, the whole looking like a gorgeous sun.

Men, birds, cats, horses, fishes and other figures of great size were among those that were exhibited.

The small boys amused themselves by running to catch the balloons as they fell. A considerable crowd was present and all expressed themselves in glowing terms of approval of the wonderful exhibition. It was something that everybody ought to see and it is to be regretted that the display can not be repeated every day during the Fair.

An ambitious young man started a newspaper in Piscopia, Col. In the first number he wrote these sad lines: "This may be our funeral, as no man knows when his is coming!" The entire edition had not been struck off when the editor's stock of property was attached for debt by a barkkeeper.

A SWINDLER has been selling to residents of the lower Pennsylvania counties boxes of what he called electric light. They contained simply colored borax, which he declared was extract of electricity, and would last 100 years. The secret of how to use it was to be imported when ten purchasers at \$10 each had been obtained in the town.

A LARGE percentage of deaths due to the use of impure water, rendered impure from the presence of sewerage matter.

GRAND OPENING THIS WEEK AT

The Old Reliable
M. Frankel & Sons'.

We have received our entire stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Clothing, Cloaks, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises and offer extra inducements this week.

If you are needing anything in our line, do not fail to call on us this week. We intend to make this a Gala week and will save you money on every purchase.

Our Clothing cannot be surpassed in style, quality and price.

Our Dry Goods are cheaper than any in the city and the largest stock to select from.

Our Cloaks were made to our order and we show the greatest variety in the city at the lowest prices.

Our Hats and Caps on the latest styles.

Our Boots and Shoes defy competition.

Our Furnishing Goods can not help but please the most fastidious.

Our Trunks and Valises are better made than any to be shown in this city and same prices as inferior goods. Call on us for Bargains and you shall go away well pleased.

M. Frankel & Sons.

Cloaks! Cloaks!

The Cheapest and the finest line of ladies, Misses and children's Cloaks at Eastern prices at Jas. Brown's.

Ladies, Ladies, Ladies, if you want a stylish Bonnets or hat call at James Brown's and Mrs. Hart will give you the latest style.

Attention Visitors!

McCamy, Bonte & Co. have facilities unsurpassed in southern Kentucky for turning out first class work in the carriage line. If you want a number one carriage, rockaway, buggy, brougham, phaeton or any other kind of vehicle in our line do not fail to call on us while you are in the city and let us show our work and quote prices.

McCamy, Bonte & Co., Spring St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

Do you want Queens-

ware? M. O. Smith &

Co. will sell it to you as low as good quality and honest quantity will permit.

Dress Goods!

Everything new in Dress Goods and Velvets at J. D. Russell's new store.

Do you want Queens-

ware? M. O. Smith &

Co. will sell it to you lower than you ever bought it in this or any other town.

SHOES!

Large stock of Ladies,

Misses and Children's

fine custom made shoes

at Russell's new store.

VISITORS

Should all visit the

handsome new store of

J. D. Russell where they

will find one of the

most complete stocks of

merchandise to be seen. Every

department is full.

If you want any-

thing ladies, call at

Jas. Brown's.

Carpets, Carpets!

The largest assortment

of Carpets in the city

and prices lowest at J.

D. Russell's.

J. M. HIPKINS.

Excelsior Planing Mills.

We wish to announce to the public that we have on hand a very large stock of all kinds of building material and that we are better prepared to build houses cheaper and quicker than anybody else. We wish to call the special attention of every body to the EXCELSIOR WAGONS on exhibition at Fair Grounds; for beauty and workmanship they have no equal, it is worth a visit to the fair to see the Excelsior Wagons alone.

FORBES & BRO.

Fair Shirts!

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Nice Neckwear, Half Hose, Drawers, full stock of underwear at J. D. RUSSELL'S.

B. F. Schoenfeld is headquarters for every thing in the Dry Goods line. His stock is the best selected and his prices are cheaper than any merchant in the city. Call and examine his stock on Main St.

NEW STORE!

Go to J. D. Russell's new store and see one of the handsomest stocks of new goods in the market.

Do you want Groceries? M. O. Smith & Co. will sell them to you as low as good quality and honest quantity will permit.

Dress Goods!

Everything new in Dress Goods and Velvets at J. D. Russell's new store.

Do you want Queens-

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Large stock of Ladies, Misses and Children's fine custom made shoes at Russell's new store.

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McCamy, Bonte & Co., Spring St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

Will re-open his Grocery at his former stand,

Corner Clay and Nashville Streets,

ON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1884,

WITH A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE,

PROPRIETORS

PEOPLE'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,

RAILROAD STREET, - - - - -

FRONTING TOBACCO EXCHANGE, - - - - -

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

W. E. RAGSDALE, Salesman, Hopkinsville. | T. R. HANCOCK, Salesman, Clarksville, Tenn.

Liberal Advances on Consignments.

All Tobacco Insured unless otherwise instructed.



M. D. KELLY

IS THE

Leading Practical Jeweler

OF WESTERN KENTUCKY.

The Largest Stock of Fine

MORRILL ON BLAINE.

A Curious and Entertaining Bit of Political History.

I Thank My Father in Heaven That He Called Him Home Before the Party Disgraced Itself by Nominating So Wicked and Corrupt a Man.

The late Senator Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, represented the purest and best methods in politics as his successor, James G. Blaine, represents the worst. The clear facts of Blaine's ten years' leadership of the party in Maine leaves no doubt on that point. When Senator Morrill resigned the Senatorship to accept the Treasury portfolio under Grant, as will be remembered, Mr. Blaine was appointed his successor. Senator Morrill died here eighteen months ago. His widow, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Vance, who in his day was one of the most prominent citizens of this section, lives in a pleasant home on Winthrop street this city. She is a lady evidently of great force of character and was the valued associate, confidante and helpmate of her distinguished husband, both in the Executive Mansion of this State and during the many years of his residence at Washington as Senator and Secretary of the Treasury.

Mrs. Morrill was recently surprised to receive from Ohio an official letter directed to her late husband. Opening it she found it to be a very importunate appeal to Senator Morrill to visit Ohio and to lend his aid to saving the State to Mr. Blaine. Mrs. Morrill turned the sheet over and wrote on its back an indignant reply and mailed it forthwith to the gentlemen who had signed the appeal.

The *Herald* correspondent called on Mrs. Morrill at her residence this evening. She is still in deep mourning and consented to receive the visit with great reluctance, but she said that the exigency created by Mr. Blaine's nomination is so important that she was convinced all private feelings should be subordinate to it. As her husband had been one of the most distinguished, loyal and upright members of the Republican party, as he had assisted in its formation, had been one of its first Governors elected in this State, and held its traditions and its principles faithfully until his last conscious moment, she knew that if alive to-day he would feel that it was disgraced by the nomination of Mr. Blaine as its candidate for President, and that it had let go of all that had made its existence necessary to the country.

"When Garfield was nominated," said Mrs. Morrill, "he said to me, sadly and seriously, 'My dear, the Republican candidate will be elected this time, but, unless new methods are used in the party and new and better men become its leaders, he will be the last one. You will live to see a Democrat elected four years hence, I will not.' My husband," continued Mrs. Morrill, "died of his devotion to the party of which he thus sadly spoke. It is unquestioned that the breaking down of his health dated from his, perhaps, too faithful performance of his duties in the Treasury Department."

To a question of a *Herald* correspondent as to the Ohio letter Mrs. Morrill said:

"Some six weeks ago I received a letter from Columbus, O., on a sheet with printed head representing some political organization. I was so surprised and indignant at its contents that I did not particularly notice whether it was from a State Committee or some political club, but it was signed by a Mr. Brown, as Chairman, and a Mr. Ogden as Secretary. It was as well as I can remember it, about as follows:

Senator Lot M. Morrill:

DEAR SIR:—The situation in Ohio is a critical one, and I am sorry to hear of the attacks on Mr. Blaine as the candidate of the party. Your well-known character as a pure and upright statesman, and coming from Blaine's own State, you could refute the charges as no one else can. We hope you will use every influence in the emergency, and make as many speeches as possible.

"I was indignant and amazed that any Republican should be ignorant that my husband was dead. I was more indignant that he should be asked to assist in making Mr. Blaine President. I at once sat down and wrote on the back of the sheet this reply, as near as I can remember it. I am now sorry that I did not keep copies of both letters and of my reply.

To Brown, Chairman, Columbus, O.:

I am surprised and shocked to receive such a communication from an overzealous citizen of this country. I knew my husband was at rest. I am in mourning for him, but as much as I mourn his death, I thank my Father in Heaven that he called him home before the party he loved so well, so much for him, had so disgraced itself as to nominate and win a man for the highest office within the gift of the American people as I know it and my husband knew James G. Blaine to be. If he were alive he would not support Mr. Blaine on any such man, even at the bidding of his party.

CHARLES MORRILL.

"My husband," continued Mrs. Morrill, "was visited by Mr. Blaine at the beginning of the Congressional investigation into the Little Rock Railroad bonds. Mr. Blaine, as he did to Mulligan, implored my husband with tears and entreaties to use his influence to save him. When my husband resigned to go into the Cabinet, it was generally understood, and my husband so understood, that Governor Chamberlain would be appointed to fill the vacancy. Instead, and to the surprise of every one, Governor Connor appointed Mr. Blaine, then a Representative in Congress and under charges in that body, to the vacancy."

As Mrs. Morrill intimated, the appointment of Mr. Blaine to the vacancy was evidently to save him from the further investigation and the inevitable incriminating verdict of the committee. Governor Connor had his reward. He is now Pension Agent for this State, the best office next to the Collectorship.—*Augusta (Me.) Cor. N. Y. Herald*.

The prodigious efforts made on behalf of Mr. Blaine in his own State resulted, as was anticipated, in bringing out an extraordinarily large Republican vote at the election in Maine. As the Democratic counter efforts were on nothing like a corresponding scale the plurality for Governor Robie, the Republican candidate for re-election, will reach from 12,000 to 16,000—a result which was expected on the Democratic side, but which, in the size of the figures, hardly realizes Republican expectations.

In Opposition to Franklin.

As a matter of course the new doctrine of Franklin and his allies was not received without considerable opposition. A sharp shock of an earthquake having been experienced in Massachusetts in 1755, this was forthwith attributed to the evil influences of Franklin's lightning rods. A Boston clergyman preached against them in 1770 as "impious contrivances to prevent the execution of the wrath of Heaven." Even as late as 1826 an engineer in the employment of the British Government recommended that all lightning rods should be removed from public buildings as dangerous expedients, and in 1838 the Governor-General and Council of the East India Company ordered that all lightning rods should be removed from public buildings, arsenals and powder magazines throughout India, and only became reconciled to their restoration after a large magazine and corning house, not furnished with a conductor, had been blown up during a storm. Franklin was so much in earnest in reference to his invention that he sent a friend at his own charge through the principal towns of the New England States to make known the powers and virtues of the lightning rod. In the "Poor Richard" for 1758, a kind of almanac or manual which he was at that time publishing, he gave specific instructions for the erection of his rods. The second conductor which he himself constructed was placed upon the house of Mr. West, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia. A few months after this had been erected a storm burst over the town and a flash of lightning was seen to strike the point of the conductor and to spread itself out at a sheet of flame at its base. It was afterward found that about two inches and a half of the brass point had been dissipated into the air, and that immediately beneath the metal was melted into the form of an irregular, blunt cap. The house, nevertheless, was quite uninjured. The sheet of flame seen at the base of the conductor Franklin correctly ascribed to the ground having been very dry and to there not having been a sufficiently capacious earth contact under those circumstances. He nevertheless shrewdly, and quite justifiably, assumed that in this case nature had itself pronounced an unmistakable verdict in favor of his invention.—*Edinburgh Review*.

German Servants.

In their own country they are admirable, clean, obliging and wonderfully hard working, but they lack the finish of good English servants. One great merit they certainly possess—though orderly in their work, yet if the daily routine is interrupted, they are not utterly upset and demoralized. Our servant kept eight rooms clean, and very clean, never a speck of dust to be seen, cooked for herself and the landlady, fetched our dinner from the restaurant, carried up to our stage (the second) all the wood and water that was required, scrubbed the stairs and passage every week, and yet was always ready to run a message or post a letter, and, dressed in her best, frequently went with me to the evening concert, and came back to fetch me at ten o'clock. She was never in bed till eleven, and was at work by six, neat and smiling, with no shade of the weary, jaded look so sad to see in an English "slavey." It is a mistake to suppose that wages are very low in Germany; £20 is a very usual sum for a cook, and one servant we had in our lodgings when she married had £40 in the savings bank. The economy in a German household is that the servants live very plainly, and one does the work that with us would be divided between two or three. The feeling of attachment and interest in "the honor of the family," observable in Scotch servants, is very general, and without undue familiarity German servants are allowed to share in the joys and sorrows of their employers. The men servants are strikingly free from the insolent swagger of "Jeames," and show some simplicity of nature as their masters. There is however a trifling incident which greatly amused me. When I was going to an audience at a royal Schloss, as I got out of the carriage a bow of my sash caught in the door and was torn off. "O, what a pity, Gnaden Fraulein!" exclaimed one of the flunkies who was assisting me. "Never mind, I can pin it on!" and, producing a pin, he carried out his promise with a neat-handled worthy of an old soldier, which no doubt he was.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Sights in Central America.

At eight o'clock in the morning we started on the Ferro Carril Railroad for Rio Sucio. We rode until four in the afternoon through a wondrous country. On either side for miles were hundreds of banana plantations in different stages of growth. One can form some idea of the vast number of bananas consumed when they see these plantations and hundreds of bunches ready for shipment. As we whizzed through the woods fresh beauties would greet the eye. The tallest trees I ever saw, with apparently no bark, loomed up against the sky; then a forest of cocoa palm, cactus and many other beautiful trees, and below a perfect jungle of shrub and undergrowth. In these very tall trees are the orchids, or air plants, so choice and expensive in the North. Their scarlet blossoms are very conspicuous in the midst of so much green. From Rio Sucio we started for San Jose on horseback and immediately began the ascent of the mountain. There was something about our situation so awe-inspiring that for a time we rode on in silence. The dizzy heights above, the high wall on one side and gulf or valley on the other revealed by the dim light of the lantern which light our pathway. The scene was grand beyond description. As we ascended we could see the mountains high, high above us, and looking down, the valley far, far beneath. Now and then we crossed a mountain stream rushing and tumbling down the precipice. The foliage on the mountain side is dense and beautiful. Finally we began the descent, and for twelve miles this was a most trying time. Finally we were met by Father Levkowitz eight miles from San Jose, with carriages, and a few miles over rough roads brought us to the little city. Narrow streets and building, very compact greet you on every side.—*Cor. Cleveland Herald*.

Ignorant Notions About the Sun and Moon.

By the Hurons the moon is called the creator of the earth and grandmother of the sun; in the myths of the Ottawas it is an old woman with a pleasant white face—the sister of the day-star. The Chiquitos call the moon their mother, and the Navajos make it a rider on a mule. Where the planets are worshipped, preference in honors is generally accorded to the brighter and more conspicuous star of day. But the Botocudos of Brazil give the higher place to the moon, and derive most of the phenomena of nature from it; and in Central America and Hayti are also people who hold the moon in less honor. Curiously, these people find their counterparts among tribes of Western, Southern, and Central Africa, who rejoice with dancing and feasts at each appearance of the new moon, and expect an improvement of their condition from its beneficial influence; and they are not so far removed from the superstitious women of civilized Europe and America, who wait for the increase of the moon to change their dwelling, to opt their hair, to be married, and to baptize their children. A belief existed among the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, the Natchez of the Mississippi, and the Appalachians of Florida, that the sun was the radiant abode of dead chiefs and braves. To the Esquimaux of Labrador belongs the honor of having discovered that the moon was the paradise for the good, while the wicked were consigned to a hole in the earth; although some of the South American Indians and the Polynesians of Tokelau may be nearly abreast of them in the competition.—*G. Muller Frauenstein, in Popular Science Monthly*.

Cod, Herring and Mackerel.

One of the most important of the fisheries, whether we regard the number taken, the size of the fish or the commercial value of the product, is the cod fishery. The cod is a deep-sea fish, never met with in fresh waters, and leaving the deepest parts of the sea for the shallow banks only in spawning time, and returning after the season is over. The cod is found on the English and Irish coasts, in most northern seas, and last but not least, on the banks of Newfoundland, which seems to be its greatest spawning or breeding grounds. The number of fish actually caught on the banks of Newfoundland is almost past calculation. It was estimated last year at 157,000,000, and the catch in the rest of the world was perhaps quite as large, making the total almost beyond belief. The cod is relished by all nations living in the tropical parts of the world, and is consequently in high demand for food, and the supply has never been equal to the demand. From the cod come several products—the roe, each of about 2,000 eggs, the sound, as it is called, or air-bladder, composed of almost pure gelatin, the oil and several others.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is "life" and a half of it is "if." Put this on "file" if you would as " lief."—*Chicago Tribune*.

No effort has ever been made to advertise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound outside our own America; yet frequent calls from other parts of the world show that good news will spread. Packages of this medicine have even been sent from Lynn, Mass., to China.

The girl with bangs generally makes a noise in the world—at least it annoys a good many to look upon her.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Frozen mutton is sold in England, and it is no uncommon thing there for a butcher to give a customer the cold shoulder.—*Somerville Journal*.

Rough on Corns, 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft, corns, bunions.

A SCREAMING FARE—The performance of an amateur opera singer.—*Boston Post*.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless, 25c.

The boat builder is apt to have his designs thwarted.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic Cures chills, fever,ague and weakness. Colden's, no other, of Drugists.

THE question of the hour—What time of day is it?—*Boston Courier*.

"Buchu-paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases, \$1.

FALE hair does not antedate false pride.—*Pretzel's Weekly*.

EVERYONE wanting employment should read ad. of Mennonite Pub. Co. in this paper.

It is the successful trapeze performer who generally reaches the climb-acts.—*Texas Siftings*.

Rough on Coughs, 15c., at Drugists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

A JUSTICE'S pantaloons can hardly be called breaches of the peace.—*Boston Courier*.

BEWARE of the incipient stages of Consumption. Take Piso's Cure in time.

SHOULD a mustard plaster be classed among drawing materials?—*Oil City Derrick*.

SKIN MEN. "Wells' Remedy" cures Skin diseases and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, \$1.

POSSESSED only in imagination, a guinea becomes a farthing.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Queen Victoria's Fortune.

Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate of Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1862, with reversion to the country; and her Majesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £75,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Coburg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property, Mr. Nield left the Queen over £50,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a strict secret, and the document has never been "proved." The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Prince Consort the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confined to Lord Sydney, who is a consummate man of business.—*London Truth*.

—May the young couple enjoy all the happiness and escape all the miseries of matrimony," is the way a Western editor ends up a marriage notice. It is safe to assume that he did not take copy of the paper home to his wife.—*Philadelphia Call*.

—A sailor has been "sent up" for six months for kissing a girl on Broadway. The marines was evidently not aware that smacks were so expensive in New York.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

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